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KITTY ANGEL
MINDFREAK

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THE PASSION OF KITTY ANGEL MINDFREAK: DIRECTOR'S CUT

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THE PASSION OF
KITTY ANGEL
MINDFREAK

This is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to any persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

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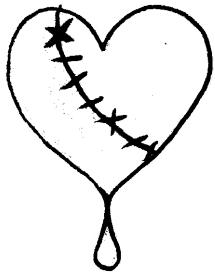


"I'm done putting the past behind me. A storm's coming. Just you wait. I'm a freaking genius."

—INTERVIEW FROM SPIN MAGAZINE
AUGUST 2005 SPECIAL ISSUE: WITLESS WOE

Kitty Angel Mindfreak's cinematic career is memorialized in this remastered Janus Film collector's edition of his reality television series: *THE PASSION OF KITTY ANGEL MINDFREAK*. Includes audio commentary from surviving spouse Makoto Michael Mindfreak. New 2K digital restoration by Gaumont, presented at 24 frames per second in this 19-episode, 14-disc set, SRP $299.99 from the Caterion Collection website. Perfect for the reality-television lover in your life or the next.

What you are holding is a record of life and death.

The following is an episodic summary of the hit reality-television series “The Passion of Kitty Angel Mindfreak” as it aired from 2002 to 2014. Thanks to the organized efforts of the FanPhreak forum wiki project, we have been able to restore over twenty entries into this director’s cut edition. Although we cannot credit every person involved, please note that we are eternally grateful to those who have managed to recover footage of the “lost episodes” previously considered destroyed in 2021.

After careful consideration, we at Novus Pictures undertook the restoration process necessary to bring these episodes as they were originally intended – that is, the best we can account for in their uncensored condition. We leave the spaces left in-between lost scenes as a gesture of artistic intent.

None of the following restored footage reflect the personal beliefs of the production staff involved. Again, we sincerely thank Kitty’s fanbase, including the hundreds of physical letters we received following a coordinated mail campaign. We have begun to worship our burn pit.

As a precaution, our communications department has cut all associations with this product. Whether or not the following is what they would have wanted isn’t up to us. The only judge of that is you.

A Star is Scorned

SEASON ONE (2002-2003)
8 EPISODES UNCUT
375-MINUTE RUNTIME REGION 1 NTSC

S101: Heaven Is A Place

Kitty Angel Mindfreak crashes a youth church summer pool party. This is cool. He feels even cooler doing this during a kid's birthday. He announces his debut as a world-famous illusionist, shirtless and adorned in the finest of Not Topic regalia. When the chaperon asks him to leave, JTV crew silently adjusts their microphones. A skeptical crowd of Evangelical teen boys watch Kitty ascend the diving board in tiny, black shorts. Will he jump? Before the camera can answer that, our story-so-far is interspersed with an interview from that morning:

Kitty is brushing his straight, black hair in a dressing room. The stylist asks if he really means it — is he really the celebrity-magician-savior society needs? Kitty Angel Mindfreak fixates on the mirror, trapped in a staring contest against himself. Peyote, his dead boyfriend, always said he had the prettiest eyes. Kitty Angel Mindfreak is somewhere, but not here. He fakes it until he makes it. Oh of course I mean it, he tells the hairdresser. Magic is fucking real. I do anything I want. And he can and does.

Atop the diving board's tongue, Kitty Angel Mindfreak gawks at the chlorine needle of the eye. He swam in pools like this as a boy. If you asked six-year-old Jimmy Angelus Novus what magic was, he might've said "walking on water." But that's not magic. They call those miracles. So, whatsa reality-television magician if not a miracle maker? Little Jimmy Angelus Novus didn't know this then: he hated phonies. Kitty, not Jimmy, is a real artist. Kitty's The Mindfreak. In the backlot of a suburban California community pool, Kitty Angel Mindfreak inhales, pumping his lungs full of summer vapor, then plunges. Teenagers grab fistfuls of ketchup packets for hotdogs. The teeth of the barbecue grill growl with meat-heat. Announcing his world of illusion to his witnesses, Kitty sticks the landing with both arms up. He is smiling. That's all that matters. Everything's on tape.

Kitty Angel Mindfreak is standing — no — walking on water.

S102: Mindfreak Ex Nihilo

Kitty's re-creation Harry Houdini's famous Chinese Water Torture Cell escape might've maimed the average sucker. Kitty is an evolved form of sucker that isn't so easily killed by his haters. On Halloween he debuts his homage after last episode's pool incident. People don't quite get it. His water suspension is mistaken for a public art installation in Times Square, New York. Kids and tourists curiously tap on the glass, as though Kitty was a goldfish and not the damned savior of American's mallgoth teens. Kitty can only moan in his specialized ball gag, all chained up and seemingly helpless. His contorted, shirtless body broadcasted on national television surely hasn't sown the seed of any repressed masochistic desires. In this dialogue-less episode, Kitty's intense stare charges a Kubrick-esque hyperfixation. Yes, *you*.

Will he ever perfect his mind-reading technique on innocent bystanders? He should've thought this through. Savvy wickedness beams in Kitty's eyes. A boy repeatedly hits the enclosure: Can you hear me? Are you really an angel? Can you do magic tricks? The glass begins to crack. Finally, a chance to prove himself to the non-believers. The Torture Cell bursts and Kitty is free. This not only proves his psychokinesis to those stupid skeptical executives, but all the freaks watching at home too. Maybe, Kitty wonders as he gasps for air, these are the same people at heart. You must see these things with your own eyes. Believe them, or they never happen.

S103: Wanna Be A Phreakstakes Winner?

Filming Location: Saturday at the National Mall

Kitty awesomely skateboards down escalators and attracts a crowd of acne-spotted retail employees. He kickflips into a nearby Not Topic and announces his new line of T-Shirts in a carefully disclosed marketing campaign. Kitty will be the savior to revitalize this store branch. Part of his contract, a JTV producer reminded him in the parking lot, is to sell merchandise. *Call this number now to enter our limited-time national Phreakstakes!* The camera reluctantly scans away from the shiny clean shopping utopia to a gnarled, alternative goth themed-retail exterior. No one here is dressed like those preppy drones outside. The camera forms a silent alliance with the viewers, promising them that yes, you can trust this cool alternative brand. This brand knows you. Looove the brand. Spend your parent's money here. We have the Not Topics you love. The shirts are black and feature an eerie close-up shot of Kitty's face framed by ghostly mist. It's not Kitty, but a doppelgänger, a mass-produced de-fanged specter. Across the nation, Phreakstakes everywhere endorse him.

A female employee with pink hair approaches Kitty, asking if he used to be in some trashy Christian industrial band. Also, she adds, skateboards aren't allowed here. Brief horror, then, a sexy, cool aloofness soaks into Kitty's sweaty temples. As a professional reality television star you must learn to thrive off passive aggressive insults. This is the mantra of survival. You're mistaken, Kitty miraculously manages to answer. I'm not like those people. You want a cult following? Show me a cult. Go find one yourself online. She looks dumbfounded until a PA flags her down for an appearance release. But it's too late. Kitty is escorted away.

S104: Highway to Hell I

Filming Location: Early morning, Waco, Texas

Kitty and crew arrive at a RV rental dealership. The manager suspects Kitty of satanic-sodomy-child sacrifice and therefore must be eliminated by means of mysterious freak accident death. Besides that, he thinks the cameras will be great for business.

The front door chimes. Kitty explains to the nice man that the next Totally Phreaky Experience™ is scheduled in Chicago this Saturday and he needs wheels now.

When the salesman asks what tricks Kitty can perform, Kitty gets pissed. The RV dealer (assuming Kitty's a lapsed glam rocker) argues about kids these days. Kitty can't stand mockery because he is serious, taking this so seriously, the only guy being serious. Haven't you seen wrestling? I'm doing that but for real, Kitty says. But he doesn't really even have time to explain big words like *kayfabe* to this dude. Kitty doesn't even see the poor guy fumble for the panic button as Kitty slams his fist down on the glass counter. When the salesman is coerced into apologizing for himself (being such a bad guy who deserves this) he finally shows them the goods outside.

Without warning, Kitty levitates a RV in the parking lot. Then it smashes to pieces. Oh? That, Kitty laughs, that's just my rapid unexpected disassembly trick. Then Kitty reads the dealer's mind and tells him he knows he's having an affair. Mr. Dealer will suffer eternal damnation and will die of testicular cancer. Mr. Dealer, you are not a good man, are you? Mr. Dealer, hey man, what's your deal, by the way? Mister Dealer, my man. After threatening to dial his wife's phone number — which Kitty also conveniently mind-freaks with his mind powers — Kitty receives one free RV to Chicago. The crew handles Kitty's purchase. When Kitty finally breaks a sweat, when his feet are back on solid ground, he insists this is how he recovers from self-defense mindfreaking. *It's a joke. You know it's a joke, right?*

S105: Highway to Hell II

Halfway across the country, Kitty relapses into another existentialist episode. He summons vodka to the green room. A talking head interview is carefully conducted.

"Yeah, my old boyfriend died laughing. Rolling on the floor, his legs spasming like an idiot. Peyote was cute like that. Quirky kid. Then I realized, that wasn't no laughing. That was him choking. Going all ack ack ack ack! By the time I called 9-11, he changed shape, color, everything. Worse day of my life." Kitty produces a small creased photograph from his pocket: him and Peyote smiling, the white flash of the camera over-exposing their faces in a halo.

Due to a last-minute mixing error in post-production, everything Kitty says during this interview is muted and is followed by [UNINTELLIGIBLE] in yellow subtitle font. The editors approve of the segment.

At the hotel, Kitty tries to fit his head underneath the geometry of the sink. He'd rather touch himself but he is contractually obliged to let the caravan of cameras inside his room. It's not unlike a cat jamming its head into the banister. He pinches a skinny bottle of black hair dye, aiming its plastic beak into his scalp with a determined jerk of his elbow. This brand makes the most spiritual sense to him since it looks the best on camera. His reflection is a creature doubled-over, eyes crested downwards in pensive submission. It's praying at him, not with him. A mic boom skirts around the frame but never leaves the shot.

In watching Kitty dye his hair black, you too dye your hair black. The average JTV viewer (between thirteen and twenty-five, middle to lower-income, an avid music video consumer) is contractually obligated to sympathize with Kitty. A trapped mirror world crew stares back at the rogue microphone. They're all wearing matching black. Shadows on the wall, they bend and bow away from Kitty as he storms off, too frustrated to finish the job.

Four days later. Chicago concert stadium. Clear skies, beautiful weather. But something's wrong. Oh no! Kitty is missing from the main stage! A PA fidgets in the trailer she shares with eight others. *Dude, this sucks!!* The facade is broken. Behind the camera are dozens of people unsure of what this means for their career in prestige reality-television. Optimistic B-roll of concert goers clash with printed flyers and banners of Kitty rising out from the flames with his hands invitingly turned up right. This terrific graphic wraps around the exterior mouth of the merchandise bus: *partake in my body but not of my awesome burning flesh*. The camera pans out, always the voice of reason in these situations, always capable of putting distance between itself and the subject. *Will we be safe? Will someone replace me when I'm gone?*

The crew frantically searches until they spot him: Kitty Angel Mindfreak aboard the Mindfreaker Mark II, a customized, levitating RV trailer hurtling full speed from Sears Tower to the Totally Phreaky Experience™ main event stage. *Jesus,* cries the PA, *he's alive!*

In a fiery explosion, Kitty emerges unscathed. He announces that it was through the magic of miracles he survived. His burned skinny jeans smoulder. Solemnly taking the mic, Kitty preaches to the audience about his philosophy of blind faith. A close-up on his face says: everyone loves me, the perfect Rockstar, a psychopomp of escapism. What's there to lose? He draws tarot cards and asks for any volunteers. *Isn't this your card? Don't lie to me, kid. I run this thing*.

S106: Syzygies Stardust Special

Filming Location: Shibuya, Tokyo, 10th floor of an undisclosed media company office

In this episode, Kitty auditions as a model for international men's fashion magazine *Syzygies Stardust*. A corporate merger of JTV's parent company with the publishing house subsidiary demands a keen guerilla marketing campaign. In the dressing room, Kitty practices his mind reading psychokinesis technique on a mannequin. Peyote Jr. isn't responding. When asked for further comment, this Peyote Jr. had nothing to add as to whether or not the mindfreak felt good or invasive. Daring to interrupt this scene is none other than the only other audition for today: Makoto, age twenty-five, a self-identified gemini.

He's a nice boy with a role to fill. But Makoto is un-mind-freakable. To Kitty's surprise, he walks up to him and politely asks for psychic assistance with his audition. You see, he confesses, I've been trying all week and nothing's worked out. Maybe my face isn't beautiful enough? Utterly smitten, Kitty Angel Mindfreak sabotages his own interview by immolating the hairstylist. This way, Kitty re-assures him, he will know for a fact he's worthy of the *Syzygies* brand. If anyone tells you no, they're insane, he tells him. On his lunch break, he invites Makoto with him to a café. Kitty's on-set stylist crosses his arms with unsurprised disappointment. Now it's only Makoto and Kitty with their own roles to fill. Kitty and Makoto will fall in love after the arson charges are dropped. Makoto lands the modeling gig. Kitty gets his number. Everyone wins. Magazine sales are up.

Makoto's first interview reveals this meet-cute to be premeditated. In fact, he bought concert tickets just the night before. But that was just a freak accident, he laughs, nature did the rest. Makoto insists he only takes orders from his modeling agency that will make him happy. For example, he and Kitty both agree on plastic surgery: that you can never have enough of it. The office dressing-

-room, with its lipstick red walls and exposed lightbulbs, suggest some much-needed authenticity. *Do I always dress like this? No*.

Later that night, Makoto watches Kitty's concert from backstage. This nice boy is transformed, ghouled-up in all-black, Phreaky fashion. It's nothing he'd personally ever wear; you age out of these styles the minute you put them on. The bodies these clothes are meant for don't exist in the real world, he thinks.

Makoto convinces himself this theory is basically true even if it's more complicated than that. He's worn clothes with real identity, vintage archival denim and angsty visual kei just to make certain impressions. Makoto is unmoved by the pyro-technics melting a fortress of black stars in the sky. Ocean-splitting miasma flares leave scars against the elaborate spotlight stage dressing. Tackiness aside, he can appreciate the worship of Images, the full commitment to a self-aware bit. That's how Kitty always ended performances — in a grand disappearing act of smoke and mirrors.

S107: Halloween Special Feat. Georgie Ward

Editor's note: The following unaired "lost episode" is described here from an in- complete audio track retrieved for close captioning purposes. Georgie Ward refused to respond to the Caterion Collection on the accuracy of these events. The limited footage obtained is believed to be from a near-to finalized cut of the episode.

Live from one of the pacific midwest's most notorious haunted houses, Kitty declares nothing scares him.

Microphone clipped to a flipped pleather collar, Kitty makes a sweeping gesture across the industrial scare complex behind him: a former barn turned three floor concrete ticketed walk-through attraction. A paved driveway flanked by corn stalks leads to a clearing surrounded by outdoor animatronics and food trucks. Whoever scouted this location made the right decision. Kitty congratulates himself.

Georgie Ward is Kitty's special guest tonight. Georgie's the frontman of the popular post-hardcore band Ate Bad Chemical. As peers in the biz, both secretly agree labels like emo are "neutered attempts by marketing teams to establish a veil of sanitized sincerity." Kitty is tight-lipped at Georgie's big and important words. No one's ever talked to him like this before. Of course they're jaded. In their trailer-sized green room, Georgie's the first to admit most hormonal teenagers just want an excuse to see a pretty boy cry. Yeah, it's not that deep, Kitty replies, assuming the feeling is mutual. Across a garish vampire-themed hot dog vendor they discuss the finer "cognitive dissonance necessary on the job." Georgie taps his cigarette every time he finishes his sentence to punctuate the gravity of his point. For example, Kitty never knew everything had to do with the performer's "reciprocal expectation of heterosexuality." Yup, it makes so much sense. Wow. Jeez.

A pair of bodyguards hover around the haunted house exhibit as Georgie and Kitty enter its gaping demon's maw. Literally,

a towering wooden set piece depicting the flames of hell warns the two stars there's no going back. Moloch hungers.

"This shit's lame," Georgie mutters as he unscrews the bat-shaped top of his flask.

"Didn't they ask you not to—"
"Yup. I heard them."

Webs of chains theatrically rattle against a faux warehouse wall. The original owner supposedly had children in mind. However, Georgie bought the property as a passion project after filming a music video on-site with his band. Nowadays only teenagers pilgrim for the rare chance to glimpse Georgie inside. This inspires confidence in Kitty. Even if Kitty thinks Georgie is a pretentious dick. Which he is.

"It's like, a blank check performance piece," Georgie explains. "There's no real money in Halloween. We're a bastard's boutique, baby. It's supposed to look bad." Kitty wants to reassure him without sounding condescending. But this is impossible. So he says nothing and nods.

A steel frame skeleton groans as a massive, titanium bat flaps its wings. As the units awakens, Kitty wonders if anyone is catching this on camera. If anyone is listening to their conversation. Then the lights go out. Georgie unscrews his flask again. A hulking, warehouse ceiling of back-up floodlights suddenly blinks to life. Georgie's usual combination of red eyeliner melts into the burning flush across his cheeks. No, Kitty thinks, actually it's better that no one films this.

Kitty mourns his plans for recording a proper mindfreak in his Natural Habitat — maybe a Halloween special is *too* on the nose? Shameless, actually. He notes the lighting directly overhead, which he's sure is a passive aggressive tactic by Georgie to make him look like shit.

The rest of the set reveals itself to be only half-realized, half-

painted partitions. Every prop lay bare reminds Kitty of the aftermath of a toddler's tantrum, thing strewn apart without any clear indication of what belonged where. Then the lights die again. In the dark, Kitty kicks a plastic skeleton underneath him. He unclips his microphone, shoving it into his pocket.

"What the hell?" Kitty whispers. "We didn't agree on this."

The bodyguards left them at the gate. They're alone, staring down concrete with cables taped in a makeshift path. In the Ate Bad Chemical music video (Kitty swore he saw it on JTV once) the walls are black, save for a bloody red glow creeping from the faux-masonry. So much for that. They can't film here. Green-screen? No, too fake. Paranoia is no stranger to Kitty. He's on edge. Georgie's fine, relieved even.

"They always want more, more takes, y'know," Georgie says. He opens a side- door, a getaway exit Kitty didn't notice before. They squeeze through, into a makeshift hallway to travel in-between sets. At the end, they arrive at a hospital bed with a chainsaw animatronic doctor performing surgery on a patient squirting various fluids. Georgie urges Kitty to press a button. But when Kitty lamely presses the switch, the anticipated gargled screaming is silent.

"Uh — it's not usually like this." Georgie isn't fine. He Had Hopes about this.

"It's okay," Kitty sighs. He sits on the floor next to a nest of red Christmas lights. "We'll just, I don't know, hang out? No one's coming." This, Kitty believed, was mostly true. He asked for NDAs to be signed. But that was only a formality. Here, he could let the mask slip. So to speak.

The Halloween special was Kitty's idea. Whichever haunted house offered enough for the publicity, Kitty Angel Mindfreak would grace them by flipping the tables on their unfortunate staff with tricks and treats of his own. This would be mutually beneficial. Georgie's guest spot was supposed to be secret. However, news of the band's tour bus arriving leaked on WhySpace. When they had

arrived, Kitty called for a raincheck. But people still came. If it wasn't meant to be, fine, Kitty decided, at least he could be stubborn about it. Two could play this game.

Kitty doesn't think about Georgie taking off his jacket, nor the glimpse of his pierced belly button as he wrestles for the carabiner keyring on his waist. He feels very neutral about Georgie's ass, which is cute. Neither of them wants to break the spell. The longer they're away from prying eyes, the better.

Kitty had originally planned to take a volunteer (read: an employee) and perform mystifying tricks of the hand. This would be, hopefully, the segment where footage of the unassuming suspect's frightened reaction is slowed-down, repeating precisely three times on loop for effect. Synced with a curated twitchy soundtrack, this beat would cement the mindfreak technique as being possible anywhere. Such a spectacle would inevitably renew the show for a second, third, maybe even fourth season. Kitty daydreams about this scenario while Georgie sits beside him, flipping his phone open to switch it to do-not-disturb mode. It would've looked so cool, Kitty thinks, if only Georgie Got It.

Georgie's warm. Kitty holds his breath. He could cut him in half with a comically large saw blade, maybe. In a not-gay way.

Like any old magic trick, creating a distraction was half the work. And Kitty had concluded that tonight was one big distraction, a sorry imitation of the real deal. This haunted house was a façade and not a flattering one. Too bad Georgie had ruined it, Kitty decided. If only Georgie would answer his texts sometimes.

u shouldve seen there faces lol, George texted him the night before. *they have nthing else to do but watch ur show tonight!*

Georgie asks if Kitty wants to keep doing *this*. Doing what? *This*. Georgie grabs his hand, put them on his belt. Yeah, *this*. This doesn't bother Kitty. In fact, he's glad someone's finally asking him. The answer is obviously yes. Let's keep doing *this*.

Kitty notices the teasing red glow of a small back-room exit. A tear in the stage setting walls. Georgie nods. *Yes, let's go there.* They find themselves in a miniature hall of mirrors, tucked away in an obscure corner of the building. They squat in silence. The privacy of the respite is evident. Their disappearing act is a success. Tonight's anticipated mindfreak, intentional or not, is complete.

"Yeah, polish it off. This will give 'em a scare, you maniac," Georgie encourages. The familiar burn of alcohol makes Kitty's stomach ache. For what exactly he isn't sure.

Georgie grins. He can't get inside Georgie's head. Even back when they were bandmates, Kitty couldn't guess what he wanted. Well, maybe he should've known better. He'll ask the editors to fix it in post. Maybe they'll understand.

A ouija board. Here. Of all places. Georgie puts it on his lap.
It's just a prop.
He can't be real. It's just a toy.

Kitty rolls his eyes.

"Why'd you bring that?"
"To talk to Peyote," George insists. "I miss him. You do, too."
"The dead don't talk. You can't even bore them to death."
"I just have questions—"
A shadow flashes across Georgie's face.
"Actually, I don't know how to even use this stupid thing."
"Of course you don't."

"I don't hear anything?" Kitty plays along because he wants Georgie to like him. There's one magic trick anyone can do: if you're at the right place, at the right time, you can make anything, anyone, disappear from memory. All you need to do is speak and mean every word you say. If no one answers you, it worked.

This is the voice of another, from another time, where promises were made, when they were young and full of Ideas. If you try to speak to the dead and do it right, then no one believes a word.

Do it enough times and you'll start to believe.

"Like this?" No, not like that, Georgie insists, like *this*. He straddles his hips, waiting for Kitty to grab his shoulders and push away. Like old times. Oh *this,* Kitty realizes. He can remember *this*. He likes the confusion on Georgie's face. Without the stage lighting, Kitty can imagine they aren't in some stupid fake set but actually trying to do something real. The smeared outlines of animatronics and mood dressing mean nothing to him.

Georgie moves his hands to his waistband. The trick is believing. If Kitty could just command himself with enough grace then the seams between now and the unmentionable outside can disappear. Kitty's of one world, the one that keeps Georgie's hands planted on the ouija board and away from his dick. He isn't even thinking about Georgie palming his crotch or anything stupid or gay like that. This is a séance and it's a beautiful thing. Georgie would never Get It. Kitty isn't hard or hot or bothered at all. Kitty tells him he thinks the ouija board is broken. Let's stop, he says. This doesn't count. *Don't you know the implications? Careers are ruined over this*.

A ghost story expects an audience. Lost episodes stay lost for these reasons. Georgie puts his hand on Kitty's chest when he pulls away. He's waiting for him to say goodbye but he never does. His goodbyes aren't for him, not really.

S108: My Fear

After an unexpected call from his dying mother, Kimmy Angel Novus, Kitty Angel Mindfreak and new boyfriend Makoto fly back home to Death Valley, California. In the cancer ward, Kitty Angel Mindfreak tearfully rubs away his eyeliner on his *Phreaked Out* world tour shirt. When asked by his mother why he didn't visit her or finish law school or tell them about his boyfriend or the industrial illusionist personae, Kitty Angel Mindfreak casually suffocates her and unplugs the life support machine. Makoto knows better than to ask why.

Kitty frantically searches the sterile, beige room, equipping himself with surgical gloves with a frenzied growl. "I've finally mastered it," he tells the camera, mom's corpse, to you: "the perfect mindfreak." What kind of magic trick is this? He needs a miracle, Kitty realizes. He can't bring back the dead with his own hands. He needs help. Makoto readies his imported BlackBerry. Two nurses arrive, unaware of this violent episode of mindfreaking, but perfectly aware of the now deceased woman and her deathly pale son now hysterically inflating surgical gloves.

Kitty Angel Mindfreak stops crying. Outside the hospital campus Kitty and Makoto are solemnly walking in the garden. A melodramatic track plays under their exchange.

"What's the difference between reality and television?" Kitty asks Makoto. "What do you think magic really is?"Makoto answers, "Your job?" It's the type of conversation people enter preemptively knowing it will go nowhere. Makoto plays a game on his phone. Kitty pops a pill. Kitty says ratings are good enough for a second season. *Good for you,* Makoto thinks.

"Entertainment just doesn't happen without cutting life short. That's like, real drama in people's faces," Kitty insists. "I'm doing them a service." "Sure," Makoto laughs. "You're like an incubus angel. Saving everyone." Kitty stops to write that down. *That's*

so metal. He'll use that on a shirt. *That's why I love you,* he thinks.

Makoto's phone rings again: they need to come back. Kitty must be the one to close his mother's eyelids. A slow, droning synth bleeds through the sterile recovery room as the credits roll. You have to believe in the mindfreaks, in mindfreaking for survival. Mindfreaking is mind over matter, mindfreak is love, *mindfreak in the name of* — Kitty's narration cuts to commercial break.

SEASON 1 BONUS DISC

Editor's note: The following is an excerpt from a self-described memoir anonymously mailed to the Caterion Collection offices. We cannot authenticate any of these claims. Michael generously offered to narrate this pamphlet insert in the special features of this disc. If your shipment did not arrive with extra print material, please contact our support staff online. Thank-you.

CATERION EDITION SPINE: #666-9X

A retrospective by Makoto "Michael" Mindfreak

Kitty Angel Mindfreak won't tell you how he pivoted from nineties goth indus- trial vocalist to an overnight cable reality-television sensation. Kitty Angel Mindfreak won't tell you about his dead boyfriend, Peyote, who accidentally overdosed in a freak chemistry mix-up of distilled depo-testosterone and mescaline injectables in the Death Valley, CA summer of 2001. How do you even do that? And Kitty Angel Mindfreak won't even tell you he legally changed his name from Jimmy Angelus Novus in 2002.

Kitty Angel Mindfreak will not tell you that after his mother's death he received a considerable amount of life insurance money from his estranged father, Jimmy Paige Novus. *You'll need it kid,* he wrote to his son in an email forwarded by the Novus family attorney. Kitty Angel Mindfreak will not tell you, despite steep complimentary discounts, the extended Angelus Novus family of Death Valley did not approve of a Kitty Angel Mindfreak *Totally Phreaky Experience*™ private show at the Inyo County funeral home.

Kitty Angel Mindfreak will not tell you he reacted with spiraling, violent depression, resulting in forgetting the funeral date on a ketamine bender. Again, how do you even do that? Easily.

It goes like this: Facing his tripod, Kitty admits that mindfreaking mom, actually, was a pre-emptive act of solidarity with the freelance magician-illusionist community. Bad-faith interpretations — so many of which he'd read on the FanPhreak forums — simply didn't consider the full picture. But he was used to that. He considered himself an expert in mind games. Fame was a sport and he was winning. Kitty Angel Mindfreak will not tell you, despite healthy royalty checks, interviews, and licensing offers to use his likeness in roleplay magic kits, he felt snubbed by critics and their entertainment industry personal politics. In a DeadJournal entry from December 2003, Kitty wrote on an anonymous account:

“It’s easy. You aren’t alive until you try it. Aww yeah. That’s so random. Aren’t you? You’re so random XD <-- This is the person I’m trying to kill. I’m so tired of random. Everyday I do, I plan. I’m a veteran of psychic combat. I’m all stealth. It’s awesome. You can drop out and do this too.”

As of June 2016 the account has been deactivated.

Pretty Phreaky

SEASON TWO (2003-2004)
6 EPISODES UNCUT
270-MINUTE RUNTIME REGION 1 NTSC

S201: B.Y.O.B

Kitty gives Makoto impromptu telekinesis lessons inside a 24-hour D.C. 7-Eleven.

Tonight, Kitty is performing an exclusive show for the president. He will bend a spoon with his mind like Uri Geller, levitate an office desk, then for the finale, ignite a Boeing 757 with roman candles. It makes his heart swell. Why isn't Makoto's heart swelling? Well, it's because he's boring, Kitty tells the camera. He doesn't have the spirit of it. Isn't that fair? No, it isn't, he tells his boyfriend.

"I'll make Bush cum with my tricks," Kitty says.

"Everyone will be like, why did you cum Mr. President? And I'll keep mindfreaking and let that do the talking. Why did he cum? Why? Me." Someone cuts the line in front of them for slushies.

Makoto interrupts Kitty to remind him of a lecture given by renowned DMT expert Terence McKenna on telepathy.

"Octopus can change their shape because they wear their DNA on their skin," he says. A bell rings and a group of suited men enter the store, knocking over a rack of candy bars as they surround the pair. As they're blindfolded and ushered into an unmarked vehicle towards an undisclosed American government building, Makoto continues:

"Sorta how the blastula develops into brain matter in the human fetus," he adds as they walk up the steps of an undisclosed American government building. No one is taking notes. "One day, we will all evolve with telepathic abilities, so no matter how much you teach me, you'll never beat marine life. We wear our brain on our skins. That's telepathy!"

Someone removes their blindfolds inside the undisclosed American govern- ment building. It is a normal lobby, in a normal

part of the country, occupied by bastards. Kitty checks his pockets and is pleased to find a shoplifted energy drink deep inside his Balenciaga raver denim. Today he wins. No one can kill him now.

Every undisclosed American government building's desk is a desk Kitty's already seen. The furnishing is unpleasant and uninspiring, which is the point. The man at the desk looks lost. Kitty asks if he knows where he is and yes, he does, this is his Government Job. Oh, Kitty answers, so I guess I don't have to read your mind today. No one's laughing. Kitty manifests a deck of playing cards from his other pocket, throwing them face-down and then asks the man to pick a card. You gotta hurry, Kitty insists, everyone wants me. No one gets it. Reading the room, Kitty asks if he can leave and no, he can't leave. Another man with sunglasses ushers him into a small interrogation room with a one-way window. There, he silently points at no one else but Georgie Ward, perfectly unaware of either of them. How'd you get here? Kitty asks but no one answers his very simple question.

The man asks if Kitty's got an answer for him but he doesn't know what he means by that. Georgie hasn't said a word aloud. That's the problem, the government man says, you need to tell us everything you hear in your mind. Please write down everything you hear, he insists. *Well tough shit,* Kitty thinks, *it doesn't work like that*. A stiff clipboard with pen and paper is supplied to Kitty. Kitty squints at Georgie, in his pop-punk red-dyed hair looking more and more like a bull's eye painted on the concrete wall behind him. When Kitty closes his eyes to listen — the contemplative, mindful way he practiced so many times before as a boy — he only hears static. Georgie always hated that sound. Years of tinnitus is finally catching up to him if he can't even hear his own mindfreak thoughts.

Not the fear of a violent interrogation, but the fear of aging possesses the worried Kitty. Yes, he can see the crow's feet peeking behind the government man's sunglasses. Clearly the scars of low sun-screen application and retinol neglect. This isn't the station he's meant for. Yet sadly none of this constructive criticism reaches the man or Georgie. The miracle of mind-to-mind transmission is a

bloodline and none of these guys have it. *Well, now that he's made a fool of himself, maybe he'll let me go,* Kitty assumes. He's on his best behavior, after all. Hasn't he seen his show on TV before?

He tries to bend a spoon but spectacularly fails. Georgie sneezes. Kitty takes a deep breath, tries again, flexing his eyebrows at the sheer magnitude of telekinetic prowess on display here. White noise. Kitty writes nothing on the evaluation sheet. After an hour he's excused. Outside, Makoto asks how the demonstration went. He tries to hand him a souvenir from the gift shop down the hall. Miniature White Houses and monuments, picturesque kitschy novelties the production crew will love. They step off the sidewalk into an immaculately groomed public park people pay for with taxes. Down the path, he asks Makoto to dump all that crap into the trash. Kitty wonders if all they needed was an autograph. Everyone wants him it seems. He's so lucky to be a superstar. This is what he keeps telling himself.

S202: Rise and Fall of Syzgies Stardust

The unexpected financial success of the *Kitty Angel Mindfreak Totally Phreaky Experience*™ world tour allows Makoto and Kitty to buy men's fashion magazine *Syzygies Stardust*. They finalize the purchase in a cramped western-style diner, signing the paperwork inside a pastiche saloon set. Effectively their own bosses, nothing stands between the new power couple and inevitable world domination. It's a beautiful thing, someone writes on the FanPhreak forums. It's amazing to finally see yourself represented on-screen, in capitalism. And it is beautiful, Kitty agrees from the comfort of their newly acquired penthouse apartment. He's outdone himself.

In 2003 the exchange rate was favorable. This leaves Kitty's once previously neglected production crew with plenty to blow. They splurge it all at a local pachinko parlor, where Kitty makes a show of mindfreaking every machine, flooding the checkered tiled floor with thousands of tiny metal orbs. Inside each sphere is a face: a chain-smoking patron of the parlor, the stoic face of the hostess who said they couldn't rent the venue. Kitty stares down at his own expressions. So many Kitties here, smudged by so many hands that have touched balls and will touch balls *ad infinitum* until the heat death of the universe. Nested in the droning layers of video slot machine sound-effects, the cacophony culminates in a humming epiphany. *Destroy*. A revelation only Kitty can hear while the rest of the world indulges idly, foolishly behind him. *Destroy*. *Destroy*.

The bin of balls on his lap reflect alien, gawking mirror copies. They collectively frown at his disapproval. They turn away from him, each independently offended at this place.

Kitty stretches his hand over the sea of pachinko balls and scoops them up. The den of cigarette smoke, in a daze of parlor entropy, is cleared as he claims the floor. All night Kitty Angel Mindfreak, now editor-in-chief of Syzygies Stardust International, drives back the balls with stronger mindfreaks into the machines, forcing

the clientele to evacuate in panic. The hostess kicks them out.

So the balls were divided. Kitty is permanently banned from trading-in his winnings. He decides he'll come back later. Then they'll learn. At home, over dinner, the cameras run as Makoto performs his newly acquired domestic routine. *This is good for me,* he tells himself, *I want this*.

S203: You and Me (Unaired)

Filming Location: Somewhere, New Jersey

Back in the States, Kitty crashes a recording session for Georgie's band, Ate Bad Chemical.

Word on the street is that Kitty has a dirty secret he'd never want the world to learn. So bad, Georgie Wards whispers into the studio mic, *it'd make you wish you were dead!* He makes eye-contact with the crew for an un- comfortable amount of time; his cadre of mixers and sound engineers calculate their next move. Cue Georgie yelling obscenities, slamming himself chest-first against the plexiglass and pounding at Kitty's head when he finally steps through the door.

"What's the damage?" Oh, the usual kind. Unchecked egos.

A producer in a black baseball cap shrugs. He cuts the sound feed just in time for Makoto and the rest of the crew to pour in. Kitty's narration rolls smoothly over the footage. *Today's mindfreak is a covert intervention operation*. A tactical exorcism.

Kitty half-heartedly claps from behind the camera crew. An hour ago, an impromptu meeting was held at the JTV network headquarters. Kitty Angel Mindfreak must die. Not literally, but allegorically, metaphorically, historically, scene mall-punk-iscally, his parent company producer insisted during the meeting. The re-branding strategy conditions are simple: collaborate with Georgie or be canceled.

Makoto isn't sure if he should ask if they're still filming or not. Kitty showed him those extreme prank shows once. Are they pivoting genres and doing pranks now? It seems cruel — but what does he know? A stinger SFX scores the confrontation: Kitty with a frappacino in one hand and the other in clenched fist meeting Georgie's face. American television depends on the ritual sacrifice of life.

"You're a sell-out Jimmy," Georgie Ward hisses. He leaves, knocking the paper cup out of Kitty's hand on the way out. Kitty can already hear the high-pitch censor beeps as he finishes calling him a useless unoriginal *emo faggot punk ass bitch*. One of those will stick. The FanPhreaks will love it. Slam. Kitty's assistant asks if he's okay. Of course he is. Georgie's always been a diva, he says. He's never been better.

S204: Malibu

Kitty tells the camera his plans to re-decorate the interior of the *Syzygies Stardust* offices. Not for the first time is the PA crew recruited for extracurricular heavy lifting.

Kitty devises a guerrilla marketing campaign to re-dress his *Syzygies Stardust HQ* into a "Mindfreak Church" — a place for his fans to celebrate his prosperity. In the treatment documents he sends to his producers, he deliriously details "exclusive events" and "meet-ups" and "rare merch." This plan excites the executives. It will revitalize the brand in exciting new ways. The strategy is "epic" and "innovative."

"It's the fruit of my — no — everyone's blood and tears," Kitty tells the press. He wipes away an imaginary tear. "The Church of the Mindfreak. How's that sound? Freakin' sexy."

After a month of re-modeling, the final results are revealed live on JTV. The Church of the Mindfreak resembles an acid-burned Cathédrale Notre-Dame de Chartres squeezed between an erotic book store and phallic parking meters. The former insurance-office-turned-media-company-space, is now a site of delicious personality. Fuzzy cellphone photos are snapped and uploaded en masse to FanPhreaks. Engagement rates are up. Social media metrics are unprecedented. Groupchats coordinate over instant messenger to make their next pilgrimage. Kitty's glad he hired a social media intern. Someone has to keep an eye on these nobodies and know where to send them (ethically). The Church will accommodate them (ethically) and will even create their own DeadJournal page to (ethically) spread the word.

An optimistic hot pink banner drapes from clerestory spires screaming. It says: Welcome home! Fans attend private concerts as Kitty gesticulates from the preacher pulpit, shooting doves, confetti, fireballs, whatever. He leans satisfied against a structural column padded with furry magenta boas. As the shot pans away, the scale of

the interior shrinks. From far away, Kitty's crowd is nothing more than a dozen odd tourists with the occasional streak of hair dye, black t-shirts, crumbling eyeliner. A torrent of stringy golden tinsel descends from the heavens. His flock is naive and cringe. He admits as much in an interview at his newly renovated art deco nouveau office. He has mastered the front-facing camera. They just don't know how special they are. Not yet. But give them time. *I'll show them,* he promises.

S205: With Thorns

Something is amiss. Two months after opening The Church of the Mindfreak, people keep coming. Kitty's on the phone with a JTV executive. The Church of the Mindfreak must grow. The Church of the Mindfreak is packed every Sunday. Frustrated and anxious, Kitty researches hallucinogens and receives a package of anhalonium. The darkweb seller alleges his batch is a home remedy compounded with mescaline extracted from the *lophophora williamsii* cactus. In a cosmic state totally new to him, Kitty wanders about his private bedroom, rubbing the doorknobs for good luck, lighting incense, folding laundry, drawing a hot bath. As Kitty undresses, gothboy ass out before the bathroom mirrors, his eyes tinged a potent red. Kitty enters a staring contest with himself and loses.

Something is amiss. Kitty slowly turns his head to confirm his suspicion — yes, it's Peyote's ghost sitting in the tub. Peyote's pristine phantom body is devoid of any violent imperfections or blunt trauma. His eyes shine like a five-colored flower.

Kitty checks the mirror again: Peyote really is there. Languiding without him. Kitty doesn't ask the crew to stop filming.

Downstairs, the Sunday service begins and bleeds up the walls. It's a slow, mourning perisher's wail. The bath water shivers, moving as though something was displacing it. Kitty gets in.

Peyote begins washing Kitty's black hair, and jokes about how he badly needs a haircut. His touch is gentle, firm, caring. It's a religious experience.

This Peyote doesn't know about foreplay. Or fighting. He's simple and unreal. A figment.

Kitty Angel Mindfreak won't talk about this Peyote; you must've seen it to believe it.

S206: Beautiful People feat. Jimmy ÆNGEL

Kitty peels dried eyeliner off his face and wonders if anyone else remembers that fateful summer when he debuted as world-class illusionist. Episode one seems so far away now. If he tries re-watching it he'll hate it.

As he descends the second floor spiraling stone staircase, Kitty finds his missing boyfriend curled up asleep on a pew, a knotted magenta boa wrapped around him like a makeshift blanket.

Kitty tries shaking him awake. Halfway through the routine his phone rings. It's a JTV producer. Alarmed, Makoto bolts up. But it's too late to ask questions — Kitty's already gone back upstairs to take the call. It would've been nice if he stayed.

Kitty must fly back to the United States to record a techno-experimental-rap-Björkesque-wide-angle-lens music video as "Jimmy Ængel" for the holidays with special guest Georgie Ward. Despite last-minute scheduling conflicts, Georgie's producers beg for at least one in-person recording session. When Kitty asks how his agent got his number he shrugs and says nothing.

The camera indecisively pans from the ground floor to the second, searching for Kitty as he paces in circles. How can he shut this deal down? No, he doesn't want to bomb his career. But he doesn't want to see Georgie ever again, either. It's too awkward. It's uncouth. *You have to do it,* his producer says in an impromptu Skype call, *it's in your contract.*

"He's kinda right," Makoto adds. "You have to do it." He's breathless from jogging up the stairs, but relieved to see Kitty still here. Frustrated and without recourse, Kitty spins a vortex in his fancy executive chair until he gets bored and leaves. With no time for goodbyes, Kitty bids Makoto adieu and departs for the land of opportunity.

Weeks later, Makoto screens the final product to a fully-packed weekend crowd. Jimmy Ængel — undeniably still Kitty with a thicker layer of white makeup, jet black eyeliner, and painted pouting lips — knows how to moan his wicked soul out. The music video was shot in a warehouse. Jimmy Ængel walks alone in the desert, casting a long, malevolent shadow behind him. Edgy and dark.

When Georgie's verse comes on, Makoto unplugs the screen and asks if anyone wants to watch him do a magic trick. He rolls out a big table, a prop bonesaw, a box with a hidden trapdoor. He asks if anyone wants to volunteer. When Kitty calls him later that evening asking him what he thought of the music video, Makoto shrugs at the empty venue and counts the empty red solo cups littering the aisle like marked graves.

SEASON 2 BONUS DISC

Love Hurts

A retrospective by Makoto "Michael" Mindfreak

Kitty Angel Mindfreak will not tell you that after Peyote's death, he took a sacred oath to never destroy another personal relationship. This plan has failed so far.

Stupid angel of history. I don't want him to love anyone else.

In an August 2005 interview with Spin, Kitty failed to mention Peyote even once. Who knew Peyote better than Kitty? Peyote's family?

I never met Peyote.

In my spare time I started researching possible contacts. A lot of Googling, going to the library, old people with thick ancestry binders. Stuff like that. I quickly learned that there wasn't much of Peyote's family to find. None. Not even cousins. I even got a detective. It was expensive. But I really tried. He did get me one thing: a phone number. But Peyote's parents refused to be contacted. At least, that's how I chose to see it. In their eyes, Peyote died long before he walked into the Death Valley desert. When their only daughter disappeared, why would they assume she'd ever come back? They couldn't see him like he saw himself. But Kitty did, in his own fucked up way. Searching for love, or whatever. I guess everyone wants that. To his parents, maybe Peyote never died. He just left one day and that's it.

To clear my head I book three days in the Gram Parsons Room at the Joshua Tree Inn.

The 2005 Spin interviewer asked Kitty about Jimmy Ængel, his recording persona after the Georgie Ward incident. Honestly, I always found the Jimmy Ængel thing annoying. Tacky and loud. Maybe it was strategic, like some calculated executive-level campiness. It just sounded like noise to me.

My thoughts when they sent me that first tape: Holy crap. Really? Yeah. Really. I told Kitty I thought it was fine.

"I'm not like anyone else," Kitty told the Spin, "My music, my world, it's like someone gave me a gift. But the cost's still so damn high, yanno? So, you have to settle with mindfreak magic. Jimmy Ængel is just one of me. There are dozens more, probably." That was how he spoke about all his projects. It was all one voice, like that. It got old pretty fast. But you don't want me to bitch too much about him, right? Well, okay. Too bad. I'll bitch a little.

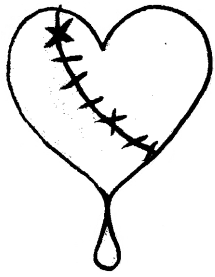
When asked about his favorite album of 2004, Kitty claimed he would give Brian Wilson a blowjob for free. I can personally attest that, too, was a fucking lie. But anyways. That's just the start of it.

Kitty was blasting karaoke in a bar the same night he told me all about Peyote. I drove him home and slept downstairs, in that old magazine-insurance office we turned into his Church of the Mindfreak installation. Next day, he said he had to go record a single. What about me? I asked. Yeah – how are you going to spend all that free time alone? he asked. And then he left.

Season three of the show took a two-year hiatus following the unexpected breakout success of this Jimmy Ængel act. I say unexpected but of course it was expected. It was engineered by executives, the best at what they do. Who would've guessed. Kitty recorded another album, toured with that Georgie guy for some godforsaken reason, then returned to sweet home Death Valley. I don't know why he thought that country was capable of loving him back. We never agreed on citizenship because he was so angsty about it. He didn't want to take sides, but in his own words, he had to pick for the brand. He said he was raised in a trailer park, that Kitty Angel Mindfreak was the American dream. All bullshit. Media training re-education-type shit. That's what marketing does, mark what does and doesn't belong. *Spells were cast,* he'd say, *his awesome blood was cursed*. If you ask me, anyone could've done that. All he did was bring the cameras. And kept them there. *There*.

Kitty can't swim. He can't. No one's seen him drown, but I know he would if given the chance.

The Inn wasn't the enlightening experience I thought it'd be. Guess that isn't surprising. In Gram's room, I called the detective number one last time. Sitting at a desk, I stared at myself through the sun-shaped mirror a nationally beloved country-rocker-lover-boy last saw himself in 1973. Half the people who rent this room must do it to mourn. The rest of them got some esoteric beliefs in the afterlife, I guess. Peyote's number rang. It rang for five minutes. No one was there to hear it, no tape, no film. But believe me: I heard the line pick-up, then a muffled whisper, a click, a cry. Then the call ended. Death in the static. I sat in silence. How are you supposed to describe something that shouldn't happen? Without any more leads to follow, I had to give it up. Admit that this was it. I think some places have thinner realities than others. I wonder what Gram saw in his reflection that night.



The New Cocytus

SEASON THREE (2005-2014)
6 EPISODES UNCUT
315-MINUTE RUNTIME REGION 1 NTSC

S301: Angels Over Death Valley Junction

The first Church of the Mindfreak establishes its New Scene denomination compound in unincorporated Death Valley, California. The compound's smack in the middle of nowhere (save for a thirty-minute drive to the nearest interstate highway). Surrounded by desert mountains, Kitty announces he will perform his most dangerous mindfreak yet: a motorcycle leap across Death Valley Junction's gorge. No stunt doubles, no safety nets, nothing but pure testosterone and adrenaline. This is reality on TV.

Left to maintain the Shibuya building, Makoto reluctantly signs all the appropriate life insurance policy paperwork and prepares a last will testament. Tuning in from a webcam parked onsite, he can't shake the feeling that perhaps this is all going too far. Sure, workshopping the idea with production was fun but this was just absurd. Luckily, the pixelated livefeed doesn't lie. He's really gonna do it. Kitty's hog is a gaudy red vintage 1993 Honda Goldwing. Beautiful. His stupid boyfriend's garish glam is an aesthetic crime against nature. Makoto wishes he hadn't lent him his favorite leather jacket. If he had the power, he'd tell them all to stop and reshoot. Maybe he should've taken the telekinesis lessons more seriously.

No one dares stop Kitty after he straps in.

Passionate devotees cheer him on in matching 2002 Not Topic shirts, which are now collector's items only the most dedicated hunt for via dial-up eBay warfare. One of the tenets of New Scene: show-up for your fave, no matter what it costs you.

An afterparty is planned at the local Amargosa Opera House and Hotel. But Makoto soon learns via an international collect call this never happens. Kitty revs up the 1993 Honda Goldwing, thinking nothing of altitude, acceleration, or hormones.

Something is amiss. A bulbous head of a peyote cactus

blooms from Death Valley's biceps. Raw azure skies versus this succulent jewel of nature. He robs Kitty's attention. Kitty hits the pedal, soaring to heaven.

Everyone is clapping.

But pay closer attention: in this scene, Kitty isn't looking towards the future, but dangerously over his shoulder. Kitty sees nothing of the cliff about to smash him head on. He sees the past, alive.

S302: Mindfreak's School For Gifted Youth

Filming Location: An undisclosed compound in provincial uncharted Death Valley

The fall semester of Mindfreak's School for Gifted Youngsters operates on a half-day schedule. Having broken both legs in his epic-fail motorcycle mind- freak season premier, Kitty is quietly promoted to Honorary Adjunct Lecturer of Advanced Mindfreaking Techniques. The trustee board of New Scene enrollment unanimously allows a motion for a JTV documentary crew to follow the fall class on a routine pool exercise. Each of the ten students must successfully pass their water-walking exam in order to graduate to Mindfreak Squire, according to New Scene scriptures of operations. All of this information is provided in a neat stack of literature cordially gifted to the film crew as they drive past an armed checkpoint. A shiny bracelet with dogtags is handed to them. Your pool pass, the bored teenager in a booth tells them. She tells them she never bothers; the chlorine always washes the dye out of her hair.

Failure means students will be expelled. This means dropping them off at the outskirts of Death Valley National Park to find their way home. The New Scene head deacon says this with a smile.

"Heaven or bus ticket to Las Vegas, amirite?" he laughs during an interview. The cyclops eye of the camera stares stoically back at him. A PA gives him a thumbs up. This is great stuff.

Come final exam day, nicknamed The Day of Reckoning by the senior pupils, Kitty spies a familiar face in the student body. No doubt this fourteen-year-old boy is the spitting image of Peyote. After performing his "Mindfreak Seminar On Best Water Walking Practices," the students line up on a diving board under counselor supervision. Due to new contracting negotiations, the thirty-minute shift of lifeguard duty is up. While no one notices, a different sunglasses-wearing PA swoops in and fills in the seat. He should be proud, Kitty thinks, he's potentially saving lives here. And that's so

important. He's the real eye of the scene. The cameras watch, but only he can act, stop everything whenever he wants. Water and power.

If these prodigal mindfreaks land on their feet and don't sink, they're graded, then ushered away to secluded breakout sessions. The lifeguard on-call shakes his head in disappointment. This won't look as cool. It'd only look like Doing His Job and he already has one of those. Kitty's Peyote is last and the obvious runt of the litter. He makes note of this.

Kitty bets the other nine are the outcome of endless summers of suburban sports practice. Or whatever they afford to do out here. He certainly didn't see any lavish yards. It's only dirt, just poor people's dust and sun. This pool is a nice luxury, but its real role is utilitarian: to cull the undeserving. The coaches are frustrated. Kitty's Peyote will not jump. So, Kitty offers to privately counsel the poor kid — an offer his athletic department cannot publicly refuse in good faith. Along a shaded lounge of umbrellas, the film crew zooms-in on Kitty, hand on his pupil. An interview is filmed with an unnamed coach, a twenty-one-year-old woman and self-proclaimed devotee of the New Scene movement:

"I read the Book of Mindfreak and I'd never call Kitty sanctimonious or a sodomite, really. But as we took nine of the boys back, I couldn't help but look over my shoulder. And, to be honest, I regret what I saw, sir." She laughs. What's so funny, the PA asks, wasn't I there? She says he wouldn't get it.

S303: Water Walk With Me

What's left of the *Kitty Angel Mindfreak* production crew work tirelessly to document Makoto back home. His home, he reminds them. This isn't for the sake of prosperity but for the sake of copyright, syndication backlog, re-runs, and the last leg of in-house DVD bonus features. The network's A-team, an intern informs Makoto, are busy with documentary assignments back in Death Valley. Makoto doesn't care; he wouldn't watch it anyways. No one cares he's planning for his celebrity wedding to Kitty Angel Mindfreak at the Las Vegas Rock & Roll Wedding Chapel, with a special appearance by a local Siouxsie Sioux impersonator. Doesn't that sound nice? Please say it sounds nice. He corners the hapless intern against a fuzzy pink boa bannister until he agrees, yeah, it would make a pretty sweet TV special. Maybe he could pitch it, even.

"Just call me Michael," Makoto tells the Las Vegas office clerk struggling to pronounce his name over the phone. "But the license says Makoto Mindfreak. Just so we're clear. We're not tourists."

On the second week of shooting, Makoto makes full use of the *Syzygies Stardust* archival wardrobe. Admiring himself in a keen pair of cashmere pants, leather vest, and muslin gloves, he represses the urge to punish himself for not utilizing it sooner. But who else could've worn it better? How jealous mom and pops would be! If they still called, he venomously vents to a photographer groupie. He sends a bouquet of flowers addressed to Death Valley. They come back stamped *unable to deliver return to sender*. In an unscripted moment of frustration, Makoto bites into a fistful of lilies — and suddenly remembering their toxicity, retches all over his hotel room floor. A huddled pack of cameras rush to get the money-shot in-frame. Stomach and heart empty, he sends them home.

On the cutting room floor in a tiny closet, this is the character Makoto chooses to portray. In post-production he approves the episode's final edits, signs off on the master. Since Kitty isn't here to

do his own job. Oh, tell us more. Okay, sure. This is a day in my life. How's that? *A DAY IN THE LIMELIGHT?* The microphone's audio channel peaks during the interview. None of it airs. Makoto fumbles his chances at a spin-off. Another bouquet is sent but never returned. Hope. No, he writes in his locked DeadJournal blog, you're *coping,* not *hoping*. When the film crew leaves he starts to pack his things, disentangling decorative hot pink ornamentation, flamingos, deflating an indoor pool, dismantling the pulpit, big screen televisions.

He won't leave anything for scrap; he believes in greed as a positive personality trait as the heir apparent to Kitty's media empire.

Who else could wear it better?

Service at Shibuya headquarters closes indefinitely. Maybe he'll sell the property. He floats the idea in a special two-hour live-chat with the FanPhreaks forum. But naturally they hate his ideas. Why isn't he surprised? None of Kitty's fans understand what it takes. To appease them, he jokes about running a seasonal maid cafe inside the premise and somehow this works — they shut up.

No one's heard from Kitty since the motorcycle crash. Makoto pieces together a story from the questions fenced at him during the live-chat, but refuses to comment in public. Even JTV casting can't get a hold of Kitty. Lounging in his boyfriend's old bathrobe, he stares at his own reflection wondering if he'll see anything. This building was once an insurance policy firm. This place can never be a nave. But he wants it to feel like one. Later that night, Makoto gets a hold of someone in California. They're just as surprised as him. No one knows where Kitty is.

Oh, he hates phones! It rings. It rings.
If he waits long enough, he will hear the voice of God.
Here's a magic trick: Jump out a window and disappear.

In the tub he thinks he sees someone, but it's nothing. When the fog dries, the mirror is empty.

He never forgot his stay at the Joshua Tree Inn. If he recalls correctly, they filmed it for a season two behind-the-scenes special. Absolutely awful week. Oh. Someone's calling. It's Kitty! Good.

Makoto chirps, calls him lover, dear, asking *have you signed yet?* "When I land we need to go to the county cour — oh."

No one has the balls to tell Makoto what everyone on JTV's board of trustees has known for days. Under mysterious circumstances, the drowned corpse of a fourteen-year-old student enrolled at the Death Valley Church of the Mindfreak School for Gifted Youth was discovered mangled in the pool's filtering system.

A plumber sent out to investigate returned with the news. Assuming the job involved vermin, the plumber shared the unexpected discovery was, to the staff's horror, a kid. Scandal and shock in the New Scene community, FanPhreaks, everywhere.

A publicity nightmare. This was why, the head dean begrudgingly explained to Makoto over a last-minute Skype call. He needs to return.

Free from Makoto's schedule, the documentary crew interviews another devoted Mindfreakee, a thirty-year-old on a student visa:

"I was there when Makoto got the news. Ops said it was a big deal, but Makoto called bullshit, sayin' he was going back himself. Sounded fishy! And y'know the worst part? Next day, a big van full of JTV employees just drove up 'n shut down the place. Locked the bunch of us out, all of our stuff gone. Seriously? What about us? I begged, dude. Makoto was loading up a van full of luggage, shrugged, and told us all to piss off. Catch all that? Okay. You get me?"

On a one-way flight to California, Makoto falls asleep to Jimmy Ængel's 2008 Christmas album. As the chorus syncs to take-off, he wonders where all the years went. He can't say.

SEASON 3 BONUS DISC

Home Movies

Editor's note: Here at the Caterion Collection, we embrace all forms of transgressive cinematic work. I was listening to Ate Bad Chemical's newest single today and thought, "wow kids these days could never handle the rotten dot com mp4s we passed around" which I admit, is a pretty annoying take. Then the song spoke to me. It said: "Hey I know you're busy and everything, but I still have his USB with Kitty's old leaked sex tape on it. Everyone called him a fag (he was tho) and I was thinking uh, wow?? Like why are these teenage girls saying this stuff now. How am I supposed to feel about that?? Look the other way? Am I a creep wtf!?! The crew backstage asked if I got a motherfucking boner when we had a watch party for it and I say no, actually, 'cause I believe in rad epic stuff like consent and shit y'know. Okay and for the record, Kitty told me if I EVER showed anyone this he'd get some darkweb assassin on my ass and I got a family now so pl—" and then Winamp crashed and I never heard that voice again. It was so weird omgg

I want to smash the faces of those beautiful boys, so it doesn't help you pray. In the swollen, pregnant belly of the lake, when it was still frozen, before that hot white star crashed the party.

Filming Location: Outside a Not Topic in an undisclosed mall

A Content Creator cranes her neck to film the dead mall floating in the miasma of weekday walkers and neurotic shift workers. After a weekend spent researching concert footage sent to her Discord server, she makes the pilgrimage to the newly renovated Not Topic. A sleek, chromatic gentrified storefront with clean unobstructive product displays greets her. Gone was the burden of overbearing heavy metal music, droning ambient soundscapes, or those grossly industrial storms of innuendos. This was the new age of Not Topic, a frontier previously neglected in the face of self-declared aesthetic defiance. *The identity of Not Topic,* she says, *is no topic at all.* This line makes her proud. She's especially proud of how her B-roll fits a hard-found royalty-free audio cue. She'd get her usual guy to edit it down, make vertical clips for TikTok, Snap, reels, her Insta. She picks a bench outside an ice cream booth next to the storefront. Her feed is this story, the story of mallgoth death, New Scene drama, powertripping FanPhreaks mods, memorializing American retail spaces before they disappear forever. Cycling between cuts on her iPhone, this aspiring producer couldn't have felt any different than any other non-union reality TV crew before her.

She posts a celebratory picture of her thrifted Chucks to her socials, captions: so excited for my next video #longlivenotopic #mindfreaksforever >:D The thumbnail, the digital equivalent to her own face (her brand, these are all the same thing), will be a selfie in a vintage Totally Phreaky concert t-shirt. Here in her hands is the past, present, and future, auto-sorted into scenes optimized for the best results in per-second viewer retention. It's never been easier.

Houdinicore Manifesto

The night after Kitty and I eloped, he asked if I still thought his telekinesis lessons were bullshit.

What do you mean? I asked. I totally believed him. Trust is half of love. That sounds right.

Takes a real one to know one.

Kitty told me he ran away to Death Valley in '98. One day at a diner he saw a beautiful blond girl – except of course it was Peyote. But he always knew, he says, deep down. Saving up for hormones, whatever, and here comes Kitty, all rockstar like.

"So, I offered him a cup of coffee and surprise — he likes me too. I took him home. Kid wants a plug. I helped him out. I'm a good guy." The thing about psychics is they already know you shouldn't date them. He can't even say "what am I a mind-reader" because they are, so? Ok.

Sure, I said, but what's this got to do with telepathy? Kitty bit his tongue. The motel room was slowly cooking us even with the blinds pulled. Come night, it'd be too cold and we'd have to put all our clothes back on and then it'd really stop being fun. You come out of hiding eventually.

"Peyote knew all the good spots for mindfreaking. Y'know, he could've killed me. He was too good. It was a problem." I ask him to prove it to me and he says no, you gotta believe me.

"Life happens. Freak accidents happen. Right?"
No but yes. Yes but no. I said nothing. I gripped the TV remote until it hurt.

Of course I still love him. I'm just like him. Right there, he said I had a gift for it, the expanded mind. But if Kitty loved anyone,

it wasn't me. I don't have to say the rest. I wasn't him at all.

They still sell his face at Not Topic last time I checked.
We did it to ourselves.

Hey, did you check this DVD for easter eggs? Backmask the Jimmy Ængel songs? Download the music videos? Call it mourning, or bad taste, whatever. For some reason, they keep circulating the tapes. I have a closet of collectible *Kitty Angel Mindfreak* fashion dolls. You want one? The other day I gave one to some kid with an eerie resemblance to Kitty. I was downtown, tabling old inventory. Kid stared at me all bugged out. Wanted to say something but couldn't spit it out.

Someday someone will piece it all together.
Well, now you're here reading this. Funny.

I hope we meet again — yours truly, M

S305: Smoke and Mirrors

Makoto dreams. Makoto is dreaming of losing his virginity on a cashmere duvet. An adult can see whoever he likes. He sees a white chapel, his naked body on a cloud that tastes like chlorine, salt, soap, sweat. He feels the beginning of a baptism, one that ends prematurely as he reaches the edge of an epiphany — a palliative realization that something he once had is now gone. He wakes up and finds the bed empty.

People start asking questions. Something is amiss. This isn't his dream; it's reality and news ticker scrolling headlines on morning TV. It's the hard knock on the Reno motel door, the cold splash of water on his face when he runs into the bathroom, the muffled arguments he hears as he locks the door behind him. When the voices die, he finds the room empty.

Filming for season three comes to halt. JTV crew take side gigs. Some edit clips to re-air as specials. Most leave when a fourth season isn't ordered. Home video releases do well for Mindfreak Co. alongside toy line licensing. An outsourced copyright firm quietly re-brands the magic kit catalogs in order to distance themselves. It's cold, soul-draining work. But it's the work Makoto finds himself preoccupied with these days, dazed at his desk filing copyright claims while fencing phone calls from people he doesn't want to hear from. Kitty isn't here.

The scandal makes national headlines. How could it not? They assemble a media kit to skirt allegations of direct involvement. The fall line-up of new JTV programming is unimpeded. Kitty's plausible innocence is never debated. Fox News said staff were negligent. NPR asks why no one reported the missing student. Contrary to their analysis, re-run syndication metrics for Kitty Angel are at an all-time high for JTV. This has happened before and it will happen again. At his desk, Makoto stares at his inbox full of placid marketing reports. No one feels obligated to ask if this is even right; the numbers are good, so why bother? He logs-off for the day and

leaves.

What becomes of Kitty Angel Mindfreak, a man with two broken legs, and a prolific performance career? I wouldn't know.

A reliquary can be anything. Kitty's everywhere on WhyS-pace, mp3s viruses infesting Grimewire, buzzing threads of Fan-Phreaks conspiracies. Makoto imagines he's perfectly content watching his royalties drip in like IV fluid. Mindfreak Co. and JTV revenue steadies as the news cycle moves on. For the next decade, Kitty is a hermit, a fugitive, an anti-hero poster on the wall.

Proper burial and funeral rites are held for the dead teenage boy named William. His mother professes William liked playing Magic and watching wrestling. Makoto confesses to VH1 he can't confirm or deny his likeness to Peyote because Kitty never showed him pictures. The Church of the Mindfreak had initially reached out to the victim's mother at her local laundromat by chance, where she mistakenly assumed they were quirkier Latter-Day Saints with summer programs. Who, for the record, she said, she didn't mind, really, to be clear. But Kitty later recants these claims. *They didn't count on finding her,* he said, *also fuck those guys, seriously*.

As the casket is lowered, Makoto and Kitty are nowhere to be seen. Footage of this funeral exists. We don't find what we want in the archive. History isn't precise or responsible because why should it be? A 2012 tabloid VH1 documentary special titled *Whatever Happened To Jimmy Ængel, Mindfreak?* interviews Georgie Ward to which he comments: "What do you want? He wasn't careful. None of us were."

In 2014, the Shibuya office burned in an alleged arson fire. No one was reported injured.

The following tape was found at the site.

S306: Series Finale

Like a long-neglected abscess, the open secret of Kitty's problematic presence is about to burst. We're hurting, insists a collective statement from the New Scene community. Kitty's too problematic, they insist. This cannot continue. Kitty needs to go. No one else must know. Kitty is formally excommunicated. Kitty is sentenced to crucifixion. Kitty says he's fine.

In 2016 the LA Times broke the story: Kitty Angel Mindfreak forcefully drowned William, hid the evidence, and later staged the discovery of the body in the pool filtration system. Social media dubs it "Angelgate" following the investigation. Too late to find a dead man. Kitty is fine.

Kitty makes a final request: The Church of the Mindfreak must film the burning of his body on the cross. When they ask for clarification he delivers a full forty-five minute episode treatment. The script is produced in-house by an anonymous crew that signs-off on the copyright and exclusive distribution rights. They must send the footage to JTV labeled as the long-awaited, long-lost sixth episode of season three. He wants it in 1080p.

"This will be my greatest mindfreak yet," Kitty tells the camera. His black hair is wild and unkept, eyes wide like a captive animal finally aware their cage is un- locked. "No one's gonna see it coming." Underneath his name is a title graphic billing the *Immortal Master of Illusions*.

Arrangements are made with JTV. As Kitty is crucified and nailed to the cross, dark clouds infiltrate the desert sky. A masochist loves this stage. He bites his lip as nails stroke the soft flesh of his wrists, as warm trails of blood caress his torso. He thinks of St. Sebastian, of portraits of the saints tortured and brutalized not for any heavenly ordeal but simply because they too, were unrealized masochists out of time. How could they have missed this? Centuries of renaissance, of idolatry, of romance and no one ever confronted

Kitty on this simple fact: he loves to be hurt.

Black specks of rain delay the unionized pyrotechnic crew's set-up. *Dude, what about my effigy?* he barks from his holy stanchion. A carillon moans from speakers shielded underneath a waterproof tent. In Kitty's final moments he stays in the storm, soon to be a hurricane. He feels resigned to this fate. His eyeliner runs in smoky swatches down his cheeks. Is this not the ultimate humiliation scene? Kitty would hope so; you never come back from this kind of euphoria.

Only five minutes of footage remain of this climatic mindfreak. Clips from the first and last day of crucifixion are leaked online. After eight days of inclement weather, Kitty is hardly recognizable. That's the finale.

Later that afternoon, Makoto drives in from LA International Airport to visit the compound. As a rainbow welcomes his arrival, he can't resist putting Jimmy Ængel on the radio as he approaches the desolate driveway. No one notices him at the checkpoint. An independent filmmaker, a young woman with her phone, asks what he plans to find when he gets there.

Three days later. Sixty miles away, in a gorge deep in Death Valley National Park. The rain shudders to a stop. In the belly of a swollen, crowned Cristate saguaro cactus, life stirs. As the clouds part, a skinny finger of lightning strikes it, splitting the fan-shaped crest cactus open. Out oozes the wet, naked body of a young man with long, black hair, and a face like Peyote's.

This entity confirms the state of his metamorphosis by walking down the cliff's edge. The rough licks of sand on his heel are familiar and not unwelcomed. He sits at a pool of water mirroring the sun's cracking rainbow smirk. He likens himself to Narcissus, cupping the cheek of his wet reflection with orgasmic glee. The water glistens, slips through his fingers, and fall into ripples. Peyote-Kitty will bathe, rid himself of sin. Rivulets of rain collect on this new body, a body that must relearn how to walk, how to breathe. Peyote asks what took him so long. Kitty has no magic card up his sleeve. His lips meet his reflection's in a silent kiss.

Eventually, they will forgive each other. Never again, this un-making. His eyes are staring, his mouth is open, his wings are spread. This is how one pictures the mindfreak of history.

PHREAKY

Commentary Track

I first published this zine in June 2021 and a lot has changed since then. I wasn't happy with the original edition and decided to re-release it using what I've learned since then. Special thanks to Briar, Remy, and Julian all those years ago. I tend not to write this kind of fiction anymore, so re-visiting Kitty was a fun challenge. If you're around my age, you might remember a certain reality-television show...or not. I've been thinking about the relationship between nostalgia and the current wave of 2000's pop culture revivalism. What does it mean to really represent the aughts as they really were, versus how we wished they were? Anyways. Thank-you for reading.